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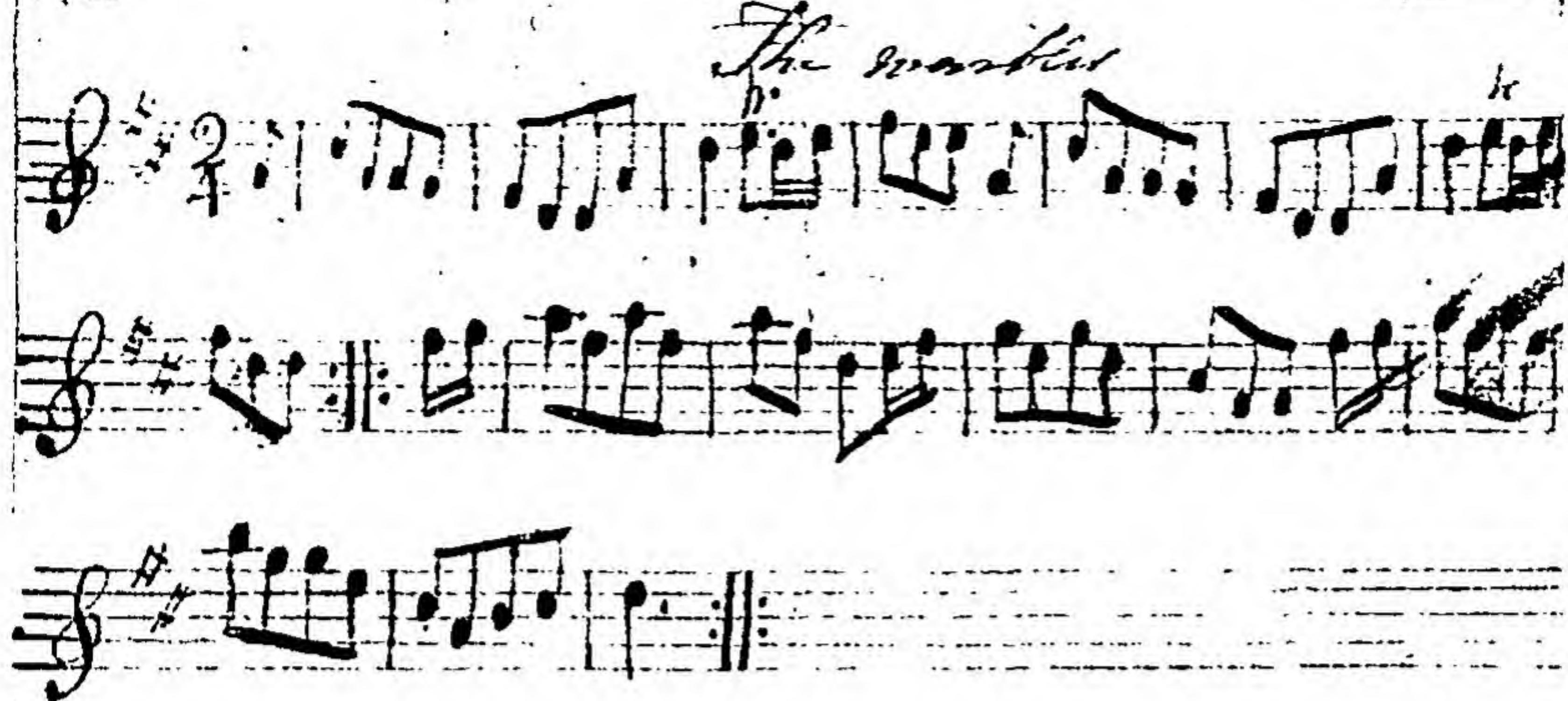
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*The swallows*



# C O N T E N T S

## O F T H E F I R S T S E T.

### F I R S T L I N E S.

### A I R S.

### P A G

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## THE SMILING MORN

Andante

for for pia. s.  
 for

The smiling morn, the breathing spring, In - vite the tuneful birds to sing, and

pia.

while they war - ble from each spray, Love melts the u - ni - ver - sal lay. Let

us. A - MAN - DA time - ly wise, like them improve the hour that flies, And

in soft raptures waste the day A - mong the birks of IN - VER - MAY.



*THE SMILING MORNING, &c.*

BY MALLETT.

AIR.—THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE smiling morn, the breathing-spring,  
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing ;  
 And while they warble from each spray,  
 Love melts the universal lay :  
 Let us, Amanda, timely wife,  
 Like them improve the hour that flies,  
 And in soft raptures waste the day,  
 Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,  
 And age, life's winter, will appear ;  
 At thi, thy lively bloom will fade,  
 As that will strip the verdant shade :  
 Our tale of pleasure then is o'er,  
 The feather'd songsters please no more ;  
 And when they droop, and we decay,  
 Adieu the birks of Invermay.

## HERE AWA, THERE AWA, &amp;c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,  
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame ;  
 Come to my bosom, my ain only deary,  
 Tell me thou bring'ſt me, my Willie, the same.

Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting,  
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e ;  
 Welcome, now Simmer, and welcome my Willie ;  
 The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your flumbers,  
 How your dread howling a lover alarms !  
 Wauken, ye breezes ! row gently, ye billows !  
 And wast my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie,  
 Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main.  
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,  
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

## ENGLISH VERSES, TO THE SAME AIR,

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY PETER PINDAR, Esq.

WHERE is the smile that was heav'n to our eye ?  
 Where is the voice that enchanted our ear ?  
 Nought now around us is heard but the sigh ;  
 Nought in the valley is seen but the tear ?

Blest is the cottage thy charms shall adorn ;  
 There will the moments be wing'd with delight ;  
 Pleasure with thee shall arise at the morn ;  
 Rapture retire with thy beauties at night.

Marian, thy form was a sun to our shade,  
 Chac'd were the glooms when it beam'd on our plain,  
 Leave not, O leave not the verdures to fade ;  
 Let not chill darkness surround us again.

Tell us what tempts thee to fly from our grove ?  
 What is our crime that our valley should pine ?  
 Say, dost thou pant for the conquests of love ?  
 The hearts of our shepherds already are thine.



## HERE AWA THERE AWA.

Larghetto

3/4 *pia.* 2/4 *pia.* for for

Here a - wa, there a - wa, wand - er - ing WIL - - LIE Here a - wa,

*pia.* *pia.*

there a - wa, haud a - wa hame, Come to my bo - som my ain on - ly

Dea - - ric, Tell me thou bring'st me my WILLIE the same.

•s. •s.

### 3 WHAT BEAUTIES DOES FLORA DISCLOSE

DUET

Adagio

's.

What beauties does Flora disclose, How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed. yet MARY's still sweeter than

What beauties does Flora disclose, How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed. yet MARY's still sweeter than

those, both nature and fancy exceed. No daisy nor sweet blushing rose, Nor all the gay

those, both nature and fancy exceed. No daisy nor sweet blushing rose, Nor all the gay

flowers of the field, Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those, Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

flowers of the field, Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those, Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

's.

's.

## WHAT BEAUTIES DOES FLORA DISCLOSE?

BY MR. CRAWFORD, (of the AUCHNAMES Family.)

## AIR.—TWEEDSIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose?

How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed?

Yet Mary's still sweeter than those;

Both Nature and Fancy exceed.

No daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,

Not all the gay flowers of the field,

Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,

Such beauty and pleasure can yield.

The warblers are heard in each grove,

The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,

The black-bird, and sweet-cooing dove,

With music enchant ev'ry bush.

Come, let us go forth to the mead,

Let us see how the primroses spring;

We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,

And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?

Does Mary not tend a few sheep?

Do they never carelessly stray,

While happily she lies asleep?

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,

Kind Nature indulging my bliss;

To relieve the soft pains of my breast,

I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excell,

No beauty with her can compare;

Love's graces around her do dwell,

She's fairest where thousands are fair.

Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?

Oh! tell me at noon where they feed:

Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay?

Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?



## BEHIND YON HILLS, &amp;c.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

## AIR.—MY NANIE, O.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,  
 'Mang muirs, and mosses many, O,  
 The wint'ry sun the day has clos'd ;  
 And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

Tho' westlin winds blaw loud and shill ;  
 And it's baith mirk and rainy, O ;  
 I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,  
 And o'er the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming, sweet and young ;  
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :  
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue  
 That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
 As spotless as she's bonie, O ;  
 The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,  
 Nae peer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,  
 And few there be that ken me, O ;  
 But what care I how few they be,  
 I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

My riches a's my penny fee,  
 And I maun guide it cannie, O ;  
 But warld's gear ne'er troubles me,  
 My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

Our auld Guidman delights to view  
 His sheep and kye thrive bonie O ;  
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,  
 And has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come well, come woe, I care na by,  
 I'll tak what Heav'n will send me, O :  
 Nae ither care in life have I,  
 But live, and love my Nanie, O.

## ENGLISH VERSES, TO THE SAME AIR,

BY DR. PERCY.

O NANCY, wilt thou go with me,  
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ?  
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
 The lowly cot and russet gown ?

No longer drest in silken sheen,  
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare ;  
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair.

O Nancy, when thou'rt far away,  
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?  
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray,  
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind ?

O can that soft and gentle mien  
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear ;  
 Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy, canst thou love so true,  
 Through perils keen with me to go ?  
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
 To share with him the pangs of wo ?

Say, shou'd disease, or pain beset,  
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care ?  
 Nor, wilful, those gay scenes recal,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

And when at last thy love shall die,  
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath ?  
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death ?

And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay  
 Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear ?  
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

# BEHIND YON HILLS.

4

Adagio

non troppo

for

for

pia.

pia.

s. Be - hind yon hills, where Lu - gar flows, mang muirs and mosses

ma - ny, o. The win - try sun the day has clos'd, and I'll a - wa to NAN - NIE, o.

Tho' west - lin winds blaw loud and shrill; and its baith mirk and rai - ny, o. I'll

get my plaid, and out I'll steal, and o'er the hill to NAN - NIE, o.

## HEAR ME YE NYMPHS.

Adagio

for pia. for pia. rf  
 for pia. pia.

s. s. Hear me ye Nymphs and  
 s. s.

ev'-ry- Swain, I'll tell how PEGGY grieves me; Tho' thus I languish and complain A-  
 las! she ne'er be-lieves me. My vows and sighs, like si-lent air, unheeded ne-ver

move - her, The bon-ny bush a-boon Traquair, 'twas there I first did love her.

s. s.

## HEAR ME, YE NYMPHS, &amp;c.

BY MR. CRAWFORD.

AIR.—THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,  
 I'll tell you how Peggy grieves me;  
 Though thus I languish, thus complain,  
 Alas! she ne'er believes me.  
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,  
 Unheeded never move her.  
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,  
 'Twas there I first did love her.

.....  
 Yet now she scornful flies the plain,  
 The fields we then frequented;  
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,  
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.  
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,  
 Its sweets I'll ay remember;  
 But now her frowns make it decay,  
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,  
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me?  
 Oh! make her partner in my pains,  
 Then let her smiles relieve me.  
 If not, my love will turn despair,  
 My passion no more tender;  
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,  
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

## ONE DAY I HEARD MARY SAY.

BY MR. CRAWFORD.

AIR.—I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

One day I heard Mary say,  
 How shall I leave thee?  
 Stay, dearest Adonis, stay,  
 Why wilt thou grieve me?  
 Alas! my fond heart will break,  
 If thou shou'dst leave me;  
 I'll live and die for thy sake,  
 Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,  
 Has Mary deceiv'd thee?  
 Did e'er her young heart betray  
 New love that's griev'd thee?  
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,  
 Thou may'st believe me,  
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day,  
 And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,  
 What can relieve thee?  
 Can Mary thy anguish soothe?  
 This breast shall receive thee.  
 My passion can ne'er decay,  
 Never deceive thee:  
 Delight shall drive pain away,  
 Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,  
 How shall I leave thee?  
 O! that thought makes me sad,  
 I'll never leave thee.  
 Where would my Adonis fly?  
 Why does he grieve me?  
 Alas! my poor heart will die,  
 If I should leave thee.

# ONE DAY I HEARD MARY SAY.

6

Adagio

for

One day I heard MA - RY say

How shall I leave thee. Stay, dearest A - DO - NIS, Stay Why wilt thou

grieve me A - las! my fond heart will break If thou shou'dst

leave me; I'll live and die for thy sake, Yet ne - ver leave thee.

## MY PATIE IS A LOVER GAY.

DUET  
Allegretto

dol. pia. s.  
 My PATIE is a Lo\_ver gay, his mind is ne\_ver mud\_dy, his breath is sweet \_ er  
 My PATIE's a Lo\_ver gay his mind's ne'er mud\_dy his breath's sweeter  
 pia.  
 than new hay, his face is fair and rud\_dy. His shape is hand\_some middle size, he's stately in his  
 than new hay, his face is fair and rud\_dy. his shape's handsome middle size he's stately  
 wawk\_ ing, The shi\_ning of his een surprise, 'tis heav'n to hear him tawk\_ ing.  
 wawk\_ ing The shining of his een surprise, 'tis heav'n to hear him tawk\_ ing.  
 pia. s. s.

## MY PATTIE IS A LOVER GAY.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR.—CORN RIGGS.

**M**Y Patie is a lover gay,  
 His mind is never muddy,  
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,  
 His face is fair and ruddy.

His shape is handsome, middle size ;  
 He's stately in his wawking ;  
 The shining of his een surprize ;  
 'Tis heav'n to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,  
 Where yellow corn was growing,  
 There mony a kindly word he spake,  
 That set my heart a-glowing.

He kis'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,  
 And loo'd me best of ony ;  
 That gars me like to sing sinsyne,  
 " O corn riggs are bonny."

## ENGLISH VERSES, TO THE SAME AIR.

**C**OME, dear Amanda, quit the town,  
 And to the rural hamlets fly ;  
 Behold, the wint'ry storms are gone,  
 A gentle radiance glads the sky.  
 The birds awake, the flow'rs appear,  
 Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee ;  
 'Tis joy and music all we hear !  
 'Tis love and beauty all we see !

Come, let us mark the gradual spring,  
 How peep the buds, the blossom blows,  
 Till Philomel begins to sing,  
 And perfect May to spread the rose.  
 Let us secure the short delight,  
 And wisely crop the blooming day :  
 For soon, too soon it will be night.  
 Arise, my love, and come away.

## WILL YE GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION?

WILL ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion,  
And wear in the sheep wi' me?  
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,  
But nae half sae sweet as thee.  
The sun, &c.

O Marion's a bonny lass,  
And the blyth blinks in her e'e;  
And fain wad I marry Marion,  
Gin Marion wad marry me.  
And fain, &c.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion,  
A cow and a brawny quey;  
I'll gi' them a' to my Marion  
Upon her bridal-day:  
I'll gi', &c.

And ye's get a green sey apron,  
And waistcoat o' London brown;  
And wow but ye will be vap'ring;  
Whene'er ye gang to the town.  
And wow, &c.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;  
Nane dances like me on the green:  
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,  
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.  
And gin, &c.

## ENGLISH VERSES, TO THE SAME AIR,

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY PETER PINDAR, Esq.

O MARIAN, so sweet are thy kisses,  
Thou shouldst not thy shepherd refuse.  
Behold! they are so many blisses,  
And nought, my dear girl, wilt thou lose.

Those lips were created for pleasure,  
Then, wherefore, deny thy poor swain?  
Say, thou feelest the loss of the treasure,  
I'll give thee thy kisses again.

Then, Marian, most cheerfully deal 'em,  
By such presents thou can't not be poor;  
So fruitful thy lips when I steal 'em,  
They quickly are cluster'd with more.

# WILL YE GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS MARION

Andante

Will ye go to the ewe-bughts MARION, and wear in the sheep wi' me? The

Sun shines sweet, my MARION, but nae half sae sweet as thee, The

Sun shines sweet my MARION, but nae half sae sweet as thee.

for

## MY SHEEP I NEGLECTED

Largo

pia. dol

pia.

My Sheep I neg\_lected, I lost my sheep\_hook, And all the gay haunts of my youth I for

sook, No more for A\_MINTA fresh garlands I wove; for am\_bition I said, would soon

cure me of love. O what had my youth with am\_bition to do. why left I A

-MINTA why broke I my vow. O give me my sheep and my sheep\_hook re\_store, and I'll

wander from love, and AMINTA no more.

s.

s.

s.

s.

## MY SHEEP I NEGLECTED, &amp;c.

BY SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

## AIR.—MY APRON DEARY.

My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook,  
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook,  
 No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove ;  
 For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.

O what had my youth with ambition to do !

Why left I Amynta, why broke I my vow ?

O give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,  
 I'll wander from love, and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,  
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from love ;  
 O fool ! to imagine that ought can subdue,  
 A love so well founded, a passion so true.

O ! what had my youth with ambition to do !

Why left I Amynta, why broke I my vow ?

O give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,  
 I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Alas ! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine ;  
 Poor Shepherd, Amynta no more can be thine :  
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,  
 The moments neglected return not again.

O what had my youth, &c.

## FAREWEL TO LOCHABER, &amp;c.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

## AIR.—LOCHABER.

FAREWEL to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,  
 Where heartsome with thee I have mony day been ;  
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
 We'll may-be return to Lochaber no more.  
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,  
 And not for the dangers attending on weir ;  
 Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,  
 May-be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise every wind,  
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind ;  
 Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,  
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.  
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd ;  
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd ;  
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,  
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse ;  
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?  
 Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee,  
 And losing thy favour I'd better not be.  
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,  
 And if I should chance to come gloriously hame,  
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

## THE SHEPHERDS AND NYMPHS THAT ADORN, &amp;c.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq. OF BANGOUR.

## THE SAME AIR.

Ye shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,  
 Approach from your sports, and attend to my strain ;  
 Amongst all your number a lover so true,  
 Was ne'er so undone with such bliss in his view.  
 Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine ?  
 She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine :  
 She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath ;  
 But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.  
 She calls me her friend, but her lover denies ;  
 She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my sighs.  
 A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,  
 Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair.

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears ;  
 Her answer confounds, while her manner endears ;  
 When softly she tells me to hope no relief,  
 My trembling lips bliss her in spite of my grief.  
 By night while I slumber, still haunted with care,  
 I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair :  
 The fair sleeps in peace ; may she ever do so !  
 And only when dreaming imagine my woe.  
 Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,  
 Nor think she shou'd love whom she cannot admire.  
 Hush all thy complaining ; and, dying her slave,  
 Commend her to heav'n, and thyself to the grave.

## FAREWEL TO LOCHABER.

Affettuoso

Farewel to Lo-chaber, farewel to my JEAN, where heartsome with thee I have mo-ny days  
 been, For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more, we'll may-be re-turn to Lo-chaber no  
 more. These tears that I shed they are a for my dear, And no for the dangers at-  
 tending on weir; Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloo-dy shore, may-be to re-  
 turn to Lo-chaber no more.

## BRAW LADS ON YARROW BRAES

Andante

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key of G major (two sharps). The first staff is for the vocal part, the second for the piano right hand, and the third for the piano left hand. The vocal part begins with a dolce dynamic, indicated by 'dol.' in the first measure. The piano parts provide harmonic support, with the right hand playing a melodic line and the left hand providing bass and harmonic support. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, with the piano parts providing a harmonic backdrop. The score is set against a background of horizontal lines and vertical bar lines, with measure numbers and rests indicated.

Braw Braw Lads on Yar - row Braes, Ye wan - der through the  
*pia.*

bloo - ming hea - ther; But Yar - row Braes nor Et - trick shaws, can

match the Lads of Gal - la wa - ter.

## BRAW LADS ON YARROW BRAES,

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

## AIR.—GALLA WATER.

BRAW, braw lads on Yarrow braes,  
 Ye wander thro' the blooming heather ;  
 But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,  
 Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,  
 Aboon them a' I loo him better ;  
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,  
 The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,  
 And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher,  
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,  
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,  
 That cost contentment, peace, or pleasure ;  
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,  
 O that's the chiefest warkl's treasure !

## MARY'S CHARMS SUBDUE D MY BREAST.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY THE HON. ANDREW ERSKINE, OF KELLIE.

## THE SAME AIR.

MARY's charms subdued my breast,  
 Her glowing youth, her manner winning,  
 My faithful vows I fondly press'd,  
 And mark'd the sweet return beginning.

Fancy warmly on my mind.  
 Yet paints that ev'ning's dear declining ;  
 When raptur'd first I found her kind,  
 Her melting soul to love resigning.

Years of nuptial bliss have roll'd,  
 And still I've found her more endearing ;  
 Each wayward passion she controul'd,  
 Each anxious care, each sorrow clearing.

Children now in ruddy bloom,  
 With artless look attention courting ;  
 Their infant smiles dispel each gloom,  
 Around our hut so gaily sporting,

## BUSK YE, BUSK YE, &amp;c.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq.

## AIR.—THE BRAES OF YARROW.

*A.* Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;  
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,  
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.  
*B.* Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?  
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?  
*A.* I gat her where I dare nae weel be seen,  
Pu'ing the birk on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,  
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,  
Nor let thy heart lament to leave  
Pu'ing the birk on the braes of Yarrow.  
*B.* Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?  
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow;  
And why dare ye nae mair weel be seen,  
Pu'ing the birk on the braes of Yarrow?

*A.* Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,  
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,  
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen  
Pu'ing the birk on the braes of Yarrow;  
For she has tint hir luver luver dear,  
Hir luver dear, the cause of sorrow,  
And I hae slain the comeliest swain  
That e'er pu'd birk on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?  
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?  
And why you melancholous weeds,  
Hung on the bonny birk of Yarrow?  
What yonder floats on the rueful, rueful stream?  
What yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!  
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew  
Upon th' dolorful braes of Yarrow.

With, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,  
His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow;  
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,  
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.  
Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters sad,  
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,  
And weep around in waeful wise  
His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useles useles shield,  
My arm that wrought the deid of sorrow,  
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,  
His comely breast on the braes of Yarrow.  
Did I not warn thee not to lue,  
And warn from fight? But to my sorrow,  
O'er rashly bald a stronger arm  
Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows green grows the grass,  
Yellow on Yarrow's banks the gowan,  
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,  
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.  
Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet as sweet flows Tweed,  
As green its grafts, its gowan yellow,  
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,  
The apple frae the rocks as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair fair indeed thy luve,  
In flow'ry bands thou him didst fetter;  
Tho' he was fair and well beluv'd again,  
Than me he never lued thee better.  
Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,  
Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,  
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

*C.* How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?  
How can I busk a winsome marrow?  
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,  
That slew my luve on the braes of Yarrow?  
O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,  
No dew thy tender blossoms cover;  
For there was basely slain my luve,  
My luve, as he had not been a luver.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,  
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing!  
Ah! wretched me! I little little kend  
He was in these to meet his ruin.  
The boy took out his milk-white milk-white steed,  
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;  
But ere the tool of the night,  
He lay a corps on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeful waeful day;  
I sang, my voice the woods returning;  
But lang ere night, the spear was flown  
That slew my luve and left me mourning.  
What can my barbarous barbarous father do,  
But with his cruel rage pursue me?  
My luver's blood is on thy spear,  
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be may be proud;  
With cruel and ungentle scoffin',  
May bid me seek on Yarrow braes  
My luver nailed in his coffin.  
My brother Douglas may upbraid,  
And strive with threat'ning words to move me;  
My luver's blood is on thy spear,  
How canst thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve;  
With bridal sheets my body cover,  
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,  
Let in the expected husband lover.  
But who the expected husband husband is?  
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter;  
Ah me! What ghastly spectre's you,  
Come in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,  
O lay his cold head on my pillow;  
Talk aff, talk aff these bridal weids,  
And crown my careful head with willow.  
Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,  
O could my warmth to life restore thee!  
Yet lye all night between my breasts;  
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale pale indeed, O lively lively youth,  
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter!  
And lye all night between my breasts;  
No youth shall ever lye there after.  
*A.* Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,  
Return and dry thy useles sorrow;  
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,  
He lies a corps on the braes of Yarrow.

## THY BRAES WERE BONNY, &amp;c.

BY THE REV. MR. LOGAN.

## THE SAME AIR.

Sweet were his words when last we met;  
My passion I as freely told him!  
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought  
That I should never more behold him.  
Since was he gone, I saw his ghost;  
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow:  
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,  
And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

His mother from the window look'd,  
With all the longing of a mother;  
His little sister weeping walk'd  
The green-wood path to meet her brother;  
They sought him east, they sought him west,  
They sought him all the forest thorough;  
They only saw the cloud of night,  
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from thy window look,  
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!  
No longer walk, thou lovely maid,  
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!  
No longer seek him east or west,  
And search no more the forest thorough;  
For wandering in the night so dark,  
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,  
No other youth shall be my marrow,  
I'll seek thy body in the stream,  
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.  
The tear did never leave her cheek,  
No other youth became her marrow;  
She found his body in the stream,  
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

*T*hy braes were bonny, O Yarrow stream,  
When first on them I met my lover,  
They braes how dreary, O Yarrow stream!  
When now thy wave his body cover!  
For ever now, O Yarrow stream!  
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;  
For never on thy bank's I shal I  
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.  
  
He promis'd me a milk-white steed,  
To bear me to his father's bowers;  
He promis'd me a little pike,  
To 'squire me to his father's tow'rs;  
He promis'd me a weddin' ring,—  
The weddin'-day was fix'd to-morrow:  
Now he is wed'd to his grave,  
Aye! his watery grave in Yarrow.

\* The critical reader will observe, that in the first and third lines of the first verse, the interjection O is added, to suit the measure of the air;—but in general, that line is of this kind are taken only when found absolutely necessary.  
It is here to be observed, also, with respect to this as well as other Songs, that where the Air requires the *first* word of the line to be emphatic, and the Poet sometimes inadvertently throws this emphasis upon the *second* word or syllable,—the Singer has only in such a case to supply a quaver for the unemphatic *first* word.

# BUSK YE BUSK YE.

12

Affettuoso

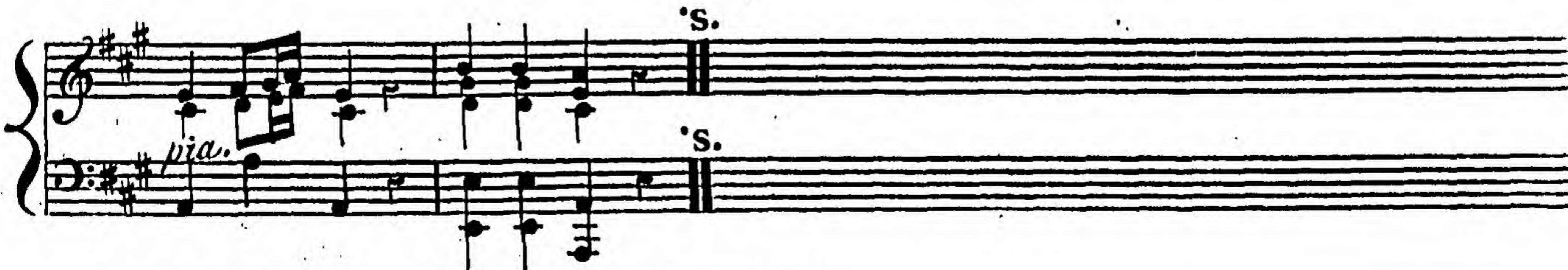


Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride, Busk ye, busk ye my win-some marrow

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride, and think nae mair on the braes of Yar-row.

Where got ye that bonny bonny bride, Where got ye that win-some mar-row?

I got her where I dare na well be seen, Pu-ing the birks on the braes of Yar-row.



## IN APRIL WHEN PRIMROSES.

DUET *for* *pia.* *s.*

Andante *pia.* *s.*

In A-pril when Primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer ap-proaching re-

In A-pril when Primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer ap-proaching re-

-joiceth the swain; - joiceth the swain; The yel-low-hair'd Lad-die would of- tentimes

-joiceth the swain; - joiceth the swain; The yel-low-hair'd Lad-die would of- tentimes

go, To the wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow. hawthorn trees grow.

go, To the wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow. hawthorn trees grow.

## IN APRIL, WHEN PRIMROSES, &amp;c.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

## AIR.—THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,  
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain ;  
 The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go  
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn ;  
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,  
 That Sylvans and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung,—Tho' young Madie be fair,  
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air ;  
 But Susie is handsome, and sweetly can sing,  
 Her breath's like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,  
 Like the moon is inconstant, and never spoke truth,  
 But Susie is faithful, good-humour'd, and free,  
 And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter with all her great dow'r,  
 Was aukwardly airy, and frequently sour :  
 Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,  
 The witty sweet Susie his mistress should be.

*'TWAS IN THAT SEASON OF THE YEAR.*

BY RICHARD HEWIT.

AIR.—ROSLIN CASTLE.

'Twas in that season of the year,  
 When all things gay and sweet appear,  
 That Colin, with the morning ray,  
 Arose and sung his rural lay;  
 Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,  
 The hills and dales with Nanny rung,  
 While Rosline castle heard the swain,  
 And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring  
 With rapture warms, awake and sing;  
 Awake and join the vocal throng,  
 And hail the morning with a song:  
 To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,  
 O bid her haste and come away;  
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,  
 And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on ev'ry spray  
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;  
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,  
 And love inspires the melting song:  
 Then let my ravish'd notes arise,  
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,  
 And love my rising bosom warms,  
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay  
 With rapture calls, O come away;  
 Come while the muse this wreath shall twine,  
 Around that modest brow of thine;  
 O hither haste, and with thee bring  
 That beauty blooming like the spring,  
 Those graces that divinely shine,  
 And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

14  
'TWAS IN THAT SEASON OF THE YEAR

Andante

The music is arranged for voice and piano. The piano part consists of two staves, with the right hand playing the melody and the left hand providing harmonic support. The vocal line follows the piano's melodic line, with lyrics appearing below the notes. The tempo is marked 'Andante'.

'Twas in that sea-son of the year, when all things gay and sweet ap-pear, That

CO-LIN, with the morn-ing ray, A-rose and sung his ru-ral lay.

Of NANNY's charms the shepherd sung, The hills and dales with NAN-NY rung, while

Ros-lin Cas-tle heard the swain, and e-cho'd back the chear-ful strain

## FROM THEE ELIZA I MUST GO.

Larghetto

rf *pia.* *fpia.* *f*

*s.* *s.*

From thee E - LI - ZA I must go, and from my native shore: The cruel fates be -

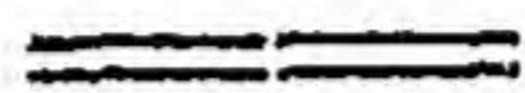
*tween us throw a boundless O - cean's roar. But boundless O - cean's roaring wide be -*

*tween my love and me, They ne - ver never can divide, My heart and soul from thee.*

*fpia.* *fpia.* *pia.* *s.* *s.*

## FROM THEE, ELIZA, I MUST GO.

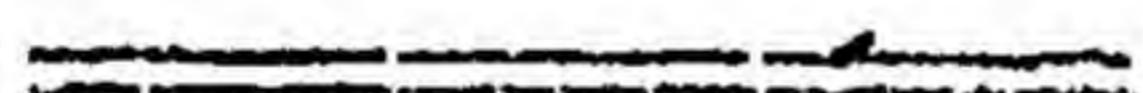
BY ROBERT BURNS.



AIR.—DONALD.

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,  
 And from my native shore:  
 The cruel fates between us throw  
 A boundless ocean's roar:  
 But boundless oceans, roaring wide,  
 Between my love and me,  
 They never never can divide  
 My heart and soul from thee.

Farewel, farewell, Eliza dear,  
 The maid that I adore!  
 A boding voice is in mine ear,  
 We part to meet no more!  
 But the last throb that leaves my heart,  
 While death stands victor by,  
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,  
 And thine, that latest sigh!



## GIN LIVING WORTH, &amp;c.

## AIR.—THE WAEFU' HEART.

GIN living worth could win my heart,  
 You wou'd na' speak in vain;  
 But in the darksome grave it's laid,  
 Never to rise again.  
 My waefu' heart lies low wi' his,  
 Whose heart was only mine:  
 And oh! what a heart was that to lose;  
 But I maun no repine.

Yet oh! gin heav'n in mercy soon  
 Would grant the boon I crave,  
 And tak this life, now naething worth,  
 Sin Jamie's in his grave.  
 And see his gentle spirit comes  
 To shew me on my way,  
 Surpris'd, nae doubt, I still am here  
 Sair wond'ring at my stay,

I come, I come, my Jamie dear,  
 And oh! wi' what gude will  
 I follow, whersoe'er ye lead,  
 Ye canna lead to ill.  
 She said, and soon a deadlie pale  
 Her faded cheek possest,  
 Her waefu' heart forgot to beat  
 Her sorrows sunk to rest.

## ENG LISH VERSES, TO THE SAME AIR,

O CEASE to mourn, unhappy youth!  
 Or think this bosom hard:  
 My tears, alas! must own your truth,  
 And wish it could reward.  
 Th' excess of unabating woe,  
 This tortur'd breast endures,  
 Too well, alas! must make me know  
 The pain that dwells in your's.  
 Condemn'd like you to weep in vain,  
 I seek the darkest grove,  
 And fondly bear the sharpest pain  
 Of never-hoping love.

My wasted day, in endless sighs,  
 No sound of comfort hears;  
 And morn but breaks on Delia's eyes  
 To wake her into tears.

If sleep should lend her friendly aid,  
 In fancy I complain,  
 And hear some sad, some wretched maid,  
 Or see some perjur'd swain.  
 Then cease thy suit, fond youth, O cease!  
 Or blame the fates alone;  
 For how can I restore your peace,  
 Who quite have lost my own?

# GIN LIVING WORTH.

16

Adagio



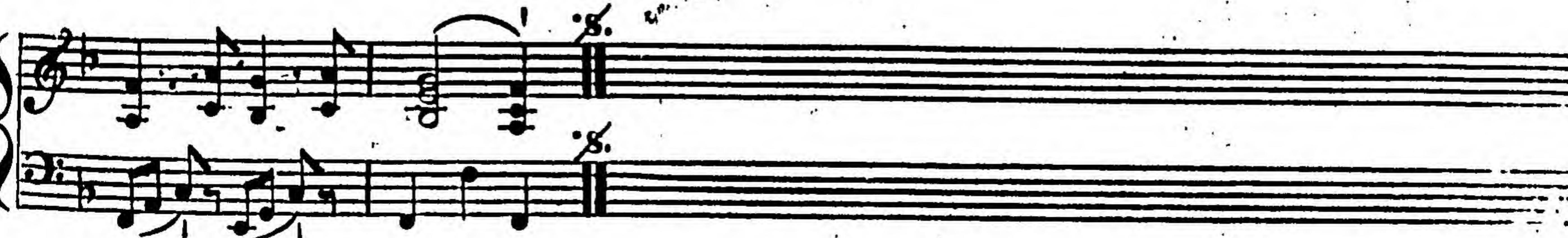
Gin li\_ving worth could win my heart, you

wou'd \_na speak in vain --, But in the darksome grave it's laid, never, never to

rise a\_gain. My wae\_fu' heart lies low wi' his, whose heart was on\_ly

mine --, And oh! what a heart was that to lose But I maun no re\_pine.

dol



## THERE'S AULD ROB MORRIS.

DUET

Andante

There's auld ROB MORRIS that wons in yon glen, he's the King o' gude

There's auld ROB MORRIS that wons in yon glen, he's the King o' gude

fel\_lows and wale of auld men He has gowd in his cof\_fers, he has

fel\_lows and wale of auld men He has gowd in his cof\_fers, he has

sheep, he has kine, And ae bon\_ny Lass\_ie his dar\_ling and mine.

sheep, he has kine, And ae bon\_ny Lass\_ie his dar\_ling and mine.

If

S.

S.

## THE RE'S AULD ROB MORRIS, &amp;c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR.—AULD ROB MORRIS.

HERE's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,  
 He's the king of gude fellows, and wale of auld men ;  
 He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine,  
 And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,  
 She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay ;  
 As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,  
 And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird ;  
 And my daddie has nougnt but a cot-house and yard :  
 A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed ;  
 The wounds I must hide which will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane ;  
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane :  
 I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,  
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,  
 I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me !  
 O, how past descriving had then been my bliss,  
 As now my distraction no words can expres !

## THE NYMPH THAT UNDOES ME, &amp;c.

THE SAME AIR.

THE nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,  
 No less than a wonder by nature design'd ;  
 She's the grief of my heart, and the joy of my eye,  
 And the cause of a flame that never can die.

Her mouth, from whence wit obligingly flows,  
 Has the beautiful blush, and the smell of the rose :  
 Love and destiny both attend on her will ;  
 She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill.

The desperate lover can hope no redress,  
 Where beauty and rigour are both in excess ;  
 In Sylvia they meet ; so unhappy am I,  
 Who sees her must love her, who loves her must die.

## ONE MORNING VERY EARLY, &amp;c.

SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN BEDLAM,

BY A NEGRO.

AIR.—GRAMACHEE.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the spring,  
 I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing ;  
 Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus sung she ;  
 I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

O cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea,  
 And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my Love from me :  
 Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho' they've ruin'd me ;  
 And I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

O should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me to the sky,  
 I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love to fly ;  
 To guard him from all dangers how happy should I be !  
 For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wond'rous fine ;  
 With roses, lillies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine ;  
 And I'll present it to my Love when he returns from sea ;  
 For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

Oh, if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast !  
 Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest !  
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should be ;  
 For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

Oh, if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky !  
 I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my Love might spy ;  
 But ah, unhappy maiden ! that Love you ne'er shall see ;  
 Yet I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

## HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAM'D, &amp;c.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd, I ne'er could injure you ;  
 For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd, your charms would make me true ;  
 To you no soul shall bear deceit, no stranger offer wrong ;  
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet, and lovers in the young.

But when they learn, that you have blest another with your heart,  
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest, and act a brother's part :  
 Then, lady, dread not their deceit, nor fear to suffer wrong ;  
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet, and brothers in the young.

## ONE MORNING VERY EARLY.

Adagio

One morning ve-ry ear-ly, one morning in the spring, I heard a maid in

Bed-lam, who mourn-ful-ly did sing, Her chains she rattled on her hands, while

ad lib.

sweetly thus sung she, I love my love because I know my Love loves me.

## O WALY WALY.

Affettuoso

dol. for  
 s.  
 s. o Wally, Wally, up the bank, and wally, wally  
 rf. pia. s.  
 down the brae, and wally by yon burn-side, where I and my love wont to gae  
 I leant my back un - to an Aik, I thought it was a trusty tree, but  
 first it bow'd and sync it brake, and sae did my true love to me  
 s.  
 s.

## AIR.—WALY WALY.

O waly waly up the bank,  
And waly waly down the brae,  
And waly waly yon burn-side,  
Where I and my love wont to gae.  
I leant my back unto an aik,  
I thought it was a trustie tree;  
But first it bow'd, and syne it brake,  
Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly waly love is bonny,  
A little time while it is new;  
But when it's auld, it waxeth cauld,  
And fades awa' like morning dew.  
O wherefore shou'd I busk my head?  
O wherefore shou'd I kame my hair?  
For my true love has me forsook,  
And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-seat fall be my bed,  
The sheets fall ne'er be warm'd by me;  
Saint Anton's wall fall be my drink,  
Since my true love's forsaken me.  
O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?  
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?  
For of my life I am wearie.  
  
'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;  
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,  
But my love's heart grown cauld to me,  
Whan we came in by Glasgow town,  
We were a comely sight to see;  
My love was i' the black velvet,  
And I myself in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kifst,  
That love had been sae ill to win,  
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,  
And pin'd it wi' a filler pin.  
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,  
And set upon the Nurse's knee,  
And I myself were dead and gone,  
For a maid again I'll never be.

## HARD IS THE FATE OF HIM WHO LOVES.

BY THOMSON.

## THE SAME AIR.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,  
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,  
But to the sympathetic groves,  
But to the lonely list'ning plain.

Oh, when she bles's next your shade,  
Oh, when her footsteps next are seen,  
In slow'ry tracks along the mead,  
In fresher mazes o'er the green.

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,  
To whom the tears of love are dear,  
From dying lillies waft a gale,  
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

O, tell her what she cannot blame,  
Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind;  
Oh, tell her that my virtuous flame  
Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes  
With chaster tenderness his care,  
Nor purer her own wishes rise,  
Not holier her own sighs in pray'r.

But if, at first, her virgin fear  
Should start at love's suspected name,  
With that of friendship soothe her ear—  
True love and friendship are the same.

*AH! CHLORIS COULD I NOW BUT SIT.*

—  
AIR.—GILDEROY.

AH! Chloris, could I now but sit,  
As unconcern'd as when  
Your infant beauty could beget  
No happiness nor pain.  
When I this drawing did admire,  
And prais'd the coming day,  
I little thought that rising fire,  
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay  
As metals in a mine;  
Age from no face takes more away,  
Than youth conceal'd in thine.  
But as your charms insensibly  
To their perfection prest;  
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,  
And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,  
While Cupid, at my heart,  
Still as his mother favour'd you,  
Threw a new flaming dart.  
Each glорied in their wanton part;  
To make a beauty, she  
Employ'd the utmost of her art;  
To make a lover, he.

# AH! CLORIS COULD I NOW BUT SIT. <sup>20</sup>

DUET

Andante

for

pia.

for

s.

Ah! CHLORIS cou'd I now but sit as un-concern'd as when your infant beau-ty

Ah! CHLORIS cou'd I now but sit as un-concern'd as when your infant beauty

could beget no hap-piness nor pain. When I this dawning did admire, And

could beget no hap-piness nor pain. When I this dawning did admire, And

prais'd the coming day, I lit-tle thought that ri-sing fire wou'd take my rest a-way.

prais'd the coming day, I little thought that ri-sing fire wou'd take my rest a-way.

s.

s.

## OH! OPEN THE DOOR.

Affettuoso

for

for

Oh! open the door, some pity to shew, Oh! open the door to

me, — Oh! Tho' thou hast been false, I'll e-ver prove true; Oh!

open the door to me, — Oh!

rf rf pia.

## O H, OPEN THE D O O R, &amp;c.

AS ALTERED

B Y R O B E R T B U R N S.

O H, open the door, some pity to shew,  
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh ;  
 Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,  
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh.

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,  
 And time is setting with me, Oh ;  
 False friends, false love, farewell ! for more,  
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh.

Oh, cold is the blast upon my pale cheek,  
 But colder thy love for me, Oh :  
 The frost that freezes the life at my breast,  
 Is nought to my pains from thee, Oh.

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,  
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh ;  
 My true love ! she cried,—and sunk down by his side,  
 Never to rise again, Oh !

## WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST, &amp;c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK;

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR.—THE MILL MILL O.

WHEN wild War's deadly blast was blawn,  
 And gentle Peace returning,  
 And eyes again with pleasure beam'd  
 That had been blear'd with mourning;  
 I left the lines, and tented field,  
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,  
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,  
 A poor and honest soldier.  
 A leal, light heart was in my breast,  
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;  
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,  
 I cheery on did wander.  
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,  
 I thought upon my Nancy,  
 I thought upon the witching smile  
 That caught my youthful fancy:  
 At length I reach'd the bonny glen,  
 Where early life I sported;  
 I past the mill, and trysting thorn,  
 Where Nancy ast I courted:  
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,  
 Down by her mother's dwelling!  
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood  
 That in my een was swelling.  
 Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,  
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,  
 O! happy, happy may he be,  
 That's dearest to thy bosom:  
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
 And fain wad be thy lodger;  
 I've leiv'd my king and country lang,  
 Take pity on a soldier.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,  
 And lovelier was than ever;  
 Quo' she, a soldier ance I lo'ed,  
 Forget him shall I never:  
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,  
 Ye freely shall partake it,  
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,  
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.  
 She gaz'd—she redd'n'd like a rose—  
 Syne pale like ony lily,  
 She sank within my arms, and cried,  
 Art thou my ain dear Willie?—  
 By Him who made yon sun and sky!  
 By whom true love's regarded,  
 I am the man—and thus may still  
 True lovers be rewarded.  
 The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,  
 And find thee still true-hearted;  
 Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,  
 And mair, we'se ne'er be parted.  
 Quo' she, my grandf're left me gowd,  
 A mailin plenish'd fairly;  
 And come, my faithful soldier lad,  
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!  
 For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
 The farmer ploughs the manor;  
 But glory is the soldier's prize,  
 The soldier's wealth is honor;  
 The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,  
 Nor count him as a stranger,  
 Remember, he's his country's stay  
 In day and hour of danger.

## AT SETTING DAY, AND RISING MORN.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE SAME AIR.

AT setting day, and rising morn,  
 With soul that still shall love thee,  
 I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,  
 With all that can improve thee,  
 I'll visit oft the birken bush,  
 Where first thou kindly told me  
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,  
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts, I will repair,  
 By greenwood-shaw or fountain;  
 Or where the summer-day I'd share  
 With thee, upon yon mountain.  
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,  
 From thoughts unsign'd and tender,  
 By vows you're mine,—by love is your's  
 A heart that cannot wander.

## WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST.

Andante

When wild wars deadly

blast was blawn, and gen-tle peace re-turning, and eyes a-gain with pleasure beam'd, that

had been blear'd with mourning. I left the lines and tented field, where lang I'd been a

Lod-ger, My humble knapsack a' my wealth, A poor and ho-nest Sol-dier.

## THE NIGHT HER SILENT SABLE WORE.

Adagio

The night her silent sable wore, and  
 gloomy were the skies; of glitt'ring stars ap-pear'd no more than those in NELLY's  
 eyes. When to her fa-ther's door I came, where I had of-ten  
 been, I beg'd my fair, my love-ly dame, to rise and let me in.

## THE NIGHT HER SILENT SABLE WORE.

AIR.—SHE ROSE AND LOOT ME IN.

THE night her silent sable wore,  
And gloomy were the skies;  
Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more  
Than those in Nelly's eyes.  
When to her father's door I came,  
Where I had often been,  
I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,  
To rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,  
Did my fond suit reprove;  
And while she chid my rash design,  
She but inflam'd my love.  
Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,  
While her bright eyes did roll:  
But virtue only had the pow'r  
To charm my very soul.

Then who would cruelly deceive,  
Or from such beauty part?  
I lov'd her so, I could not leave  
The charmer of my heart.  
My eager fondness I obey'd,  
Resolv'd she should be mine,  
Till Hymen to my arms convey'd,  
My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,  
Transporting is my joy;  
No greater blessing can I prove;  
So bleſſ'd a man am I.  
For beauty may a while retain  
The conquer'd flutt'ring heart,  
But virtue only is the chain  
Holds never to depart.

## THE HEAVY HOURS ARE ALMOST PAST.

BY LORD LYTTLETON.

THE SAME AIR.

THE heavy hours are almost past,  
That part my love and me;  
My longing eyes may hope at last  
Their only wish to see.  
But how, my Delia, will you meet  
The man you've lost so long?  
Will love in all your pulses beat,  
And tremble on your tongue?  
Will you, in every look, declare  
Your heart is still the same?  
And heal each idle anxious care  
Our fears in absence frame?

Thus Delia, thus I paint the scene  
When shortly we shall meet,  
And try what yet remains between  
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that soothes my mind,  
Shall false and groundless prove;  
If I am doom'd, at length, to find  
You have forgot to love;  
All I of Venus ask is this,  
No more to let us join;  
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,  
To die, and think you mine.

## SWEET ANNIE FRAE THE SEA-BEACH CAME.

## AIR.—SWEET ANNIE.

SWEET Annie frae the sea-beach came,  
Where Jocky spéel'd the vessel's side ;  
Ah ! wha can keep their heart at hame,  
When Jocky's tost aboon the tyde :  
Far aff to distant realms he gangs,  
Yet I'll be true as he has been ;  
And when ilk lass about him thrangs,  
He'll think on Annie, his faithful ain.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,  
Wi' gowd in hand he tempted me,  
He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,  
And made a brag of what he'd gie :  
What though my Jocky's far away  
Tost up and down the awsome main,  
I'll keep my heart another day,  
Since Jocky may return again.

Nae mair false Jamie, sing nae mair,  
And fairly cast your pipe away ;  
My Jocky wad be troubled fair,  
To see his friend his love betray ;  
For a' your songs and verse are vain,  
While Jocky's notes do faithful flow,  
My heart to him, shall true remain,  
I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Blaw fast, ye gales, round Jocky's head,  
And gar your waves be calm and still :  
His hameward sail with breezes speed,  
And dinna a' my pleasure spill :  
What though my Jocky's far away,  
Yet he will braw in filler shine ;  
I'll keep my heart anither day,  
Since Jocky may again be mine.

## TO FAIR FID ELE'S GRASSY TOMB.

BY COLLINS.

## THE SAME AIR.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,  
Soft maids and village-hinds shall bring  
Each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom,  
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear  
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;  
But shepherd lads assemble here,  
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,  
No goblins lead their nightly crew ;  
But female fays shall haunt the green,  
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

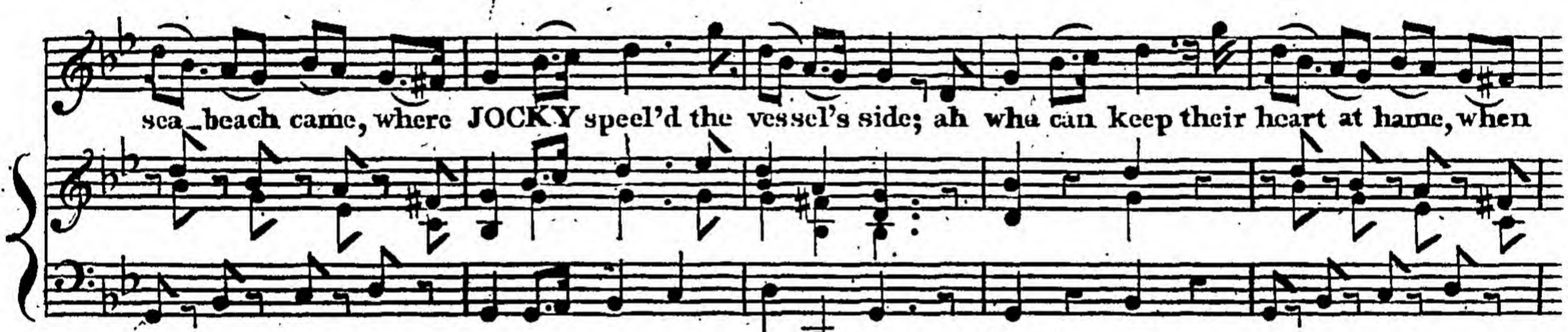
The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours,  
Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
With hoary moss and gather'd flow'rs,  
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain  
In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;  
Or midst the chace upon the plain,  
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,  
For thee the tear be duly shed ;  
Belov'd till life can charm no more,  
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

## SWEET ANNIE FRAE THE SEA BEACH.

Adagio



## SHEPHERDS I HAVE LOST MY LOVE.

DUET { *pia.* 's.  
Largo {

Shepherds I have lost my Love; Have you seen my AN - - NA? Pride of ev'ry sha\_dy grove up -

Shepherds I have lost my Love; Have you seen my AN - - NA? Pride of ev'ry sha\_dy grove up -

*pia.* {

- on the banks of Ban - na. I for her my home for\_sook, near yon mis - ty

- on the banks of Ban - na. I for her my home for\_sook, near yon mis - ty

moun\_tain, Left my flock, my pipe, my crook Greenwood shade and foun\_tain.

moun\_tain, Left my flock, my pipe, my crook Greenwood shade and foun\_tain.

rf {

for { 's.  
f { 's.



## SHEPHERDS, I HAVE LOST MY LOVE.

AIR.—THE BANKS OF BANNA.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love ;  
 Have you seen my Anna ?  
 Pride of ev'ry shady grove,  
 Upon the banks of Banna !

I for her my home forsook,  
 Near yon misty mountain ;  
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,  
 Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more  
 Until her returning ;  
 All the joys of life are o'er,  
 From gladness chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown ?  
 Shepherds, tell me whither ?  
 Ah ! woe for me, perhaps she's gone  
 For ever and for ever.